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LEHIGH REVIEW



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VOL. 1

NO. 2



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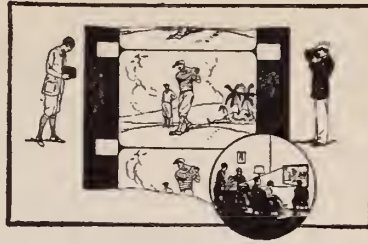
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The Lehigh Review

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1927.

NO. 2.

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Across the Campus



A Ramble



The Gate to Sayre Park

LEHIGH REVIEW



BEER

By R. MAX GOEPP, JR.

“**L**EHIGH?” says the Eastern undergraduate. “Hell of a wet place, I’ve heard,—drink any amount of beer there, too.”

From the Sweet Young Thing:

“Oh yes, Lehigh. That’s where Jack used to go and get beautifully drunk on beer.”

The vaudeville actress:

“Ever been to Bethlehem, dearie? That’s where those Lehigh boys give you beer. Only place I know of where they do that.”

Rev. J. J. Sproggins:

“Yes, Lehigh is a very good place, indeed an excellent school, so I’m told, but the authorities are woefully lax in the matter of beer-drinking among the students.”

Now these are all opinions, but there must be something back of them. The casual observer of Lehigh will admit that there is a remarkably large percentage of truth in them, and, if pressed, will also state that he found the Beer in Bethlehem plentiful, if not first-class. The fact is, then, that Beer and the drinking of Beer are old and well-known Lehigh institutions.

First of all, what is this beverage? As found in Bethlehem it is a liquid, varying from dark brown to pale yellow, and with a taste that depends on the drinker and the nearness of the local elections. It is a fair quencher of thirst and a reliable, although time-consuming, means of attaining that state known politely as inebriation.

But Beer is much more than this. It is responsible for the formation of many beautiful and lasting friendships; it

promotes Fraternity, Equality and the Brotherhood of Man; and, as has been pointed out before, it has been the source and fountain head of the most austere and respected college honorary societies.

Yet its significance is even deeper than this. In the European universities the concepts of students and Beer are indissolubly linked. From the mists of the Middle Ages, drinking songs have been passed down from one generation of students to the next, forming a vast body of tradition that is a vital part of university life. We see, therefore, that Beer has been the chief delight of the student, the boon companion of culture, and a necessary part of the classical university training.

Goepp discusses the effect of beer on the undergraduate. It is hoped that the powers-that-be will not take it too seriously, yet we have always felt that a great many eccentricities of the Lehigh student are due to beer drinking.

Remember that it was written with the author’s tongue in his cheek.

It will be realized, then, that the acquaintance of Beer is one that must be made slowly, carefully, and with the respect due to a consecrated and venerable institution. It must begin in the Freshman year, and be continued until the time of graduation. Thus, for the neophyte, fresh from the constraining influences of his pre-college existence, a ritual somewhat as follows should be observed. Those who have already taken minor orders, usually Sophomores conscious of the importance of their duties, will proceed thus:

"No Lehigh man can rightly call himself such until he has drunk his numerals in Beer. Frosh, have you done this? 'Tis well. This matter must be attended to. This evening we go to the Inn." And the neophyte goes.

The first glass is poured out—"This foam looks familiar; maybe the stuff isn't so bad after all. Well, here goes. Ugh!"—

The initiate makes a heroic effort to produce a sickly smile, glances around, and announces loudly, "Great Stuff." This response, being the orthodox one, is received with grave and approving nods by those charged with the initiation, and the ritual proceeds, until the numerals have been drunk, or until outraged nature calls a halt. The first step has now been taken.

From this time on the Frosh is supposed to prepare himself to take higher orders. If the taste for Beer comes rapidly, then all is well, but for many who are cursed with a delicate palate, long and gruelling practice, glass after glass poured down in a solitary bar-room, must be gone through before the son of Lehigh can say with conviction, "Not so bad. Let's have another round." Our subject has now reached that enviable state where he may drink at any time, and enjoy it.

Now, throughout the next three years of college life, or, in some cases, the next four years, Beer becomes in turn for the student a personage whose acquaintance must be made, then a casual friend, an intimate associate, and finally, a bosom companion. In the Sophomore year it is used chiefly on state occasions; after the games, before an unusually large "brawl", or when a rising feeling of exasperation at everything in general requires alleviation. The process is yet to a slight extent self-conscious, and there is the least feeling of swagger and brag-godocio still connected with the act of entering the bar-room, placing the foot carelessly on the rail, and saying "Four Beers".

By the third year Beer has become for many a habit, to be indulged in as often as time, money, and discretion permit. It now forms a prelude to most activities. Thus:

—"Going down to the game? Let's get a few Beers beforehand."

—"How many shall we get before going to the Colly?"

—"What time is your date? Nine o'clock. Plenty of time to have a few." And even:

—"Going out to-night, old man?"

"No, got to study."

"Have a couple of Beers with me first, just to clear your head. Nothing like Beer to put you in the right frame of mind."

For the Senior, the adept in the cult of Beer-drinking, many pleasant variations are possible in the form of the worship. He is now in a position to discriminate; it must not be merely Beer but good Beer, and he can pronounce on it with the air of an assured connoisseur. Also the mode of consumption is capable of assuming many forms. The worshipper may elect to sip it slowly, while engaged in communion with kin-

dred spirits at some favorite saloon or exclusive Beer club; he may choose to pass a few hours in solitary meditation on the meaning of Life, with Beer as the only companion to his thoughts; or, in more boisterous company, he may make of Beer-drinking a contest. This last may be quite elaborate, with ten men competing for the honor of downing a glass in the shortest possible time. For this, as would be expected in a scientific school, stop-watches are often used to insure accuracy in timing. The real experts can do it in under two seconds, pouring the drink straight down without swallowing.

Graduation, for most, puts an end to this satisfying diversion. The few occasions after Commencement when Beer is indulged in are sporadic and hurried, and lack the surroundings and associates which contribute so much to the pleasure of Beer-drinking in college. The Old Grads, it is true, try to revive

them during reunions, and attempt to compress a year's normal consumption into a few days, but these pathetic strivings to regain past joys lack the old flavor of undergraduate times, and are more apt to achieve a headache than a reincarnation.

Yet all is not lost forever. Although convention and the state of his digestion prevent active participation in the rites of Beer-drinking, the Old Grad can still live over the gorgeous undergraduate days, when much that was desirable could be found within a Beer-mug. Those memories, brightened with the passage of time, form the last stage in the progress of the devotee; he has all the joys of Beer without the corporeal after-effects, and hears again, in the voice of an old and well-tried friend, the magic formula:

"Bottoms up, everybody, this round's on me."

Ode

Chloe, why do you thus avoid me here,
Like some wild fawn that in the wooded plain
With fearful trembling seeks the mother deer;
And finding not, is frightened all in vain
By rustling winds, the scented breath of Spring
Upon the leaves, only the drops of rain
That falling softly from the brambles bring
Green lizards quickly from their hiding place?

Ah, Chloe, be not frightened thus—and least
Of all to meet your suitor face to face—
I'll not pursue you like an angry beast
Nor crush you in my jaws when ends the chase.

[Ed. Note.—Ode 23, Book I, Horace.—Translated
by R. I. Blair.]

HERE'S "Y"

By W. J. SCARLETT '28

WHY did the Lehigh Y. M. C. A. sever connections with the National Association? What is the new "Union" going to do to justify its existence? Will it perform any function which could or would not be performed by some other campus organization? What will be the program of the body which has so recently elected to stand on its own feet?

Those and many others are the questions which Lehigh men are asking each other, concerning the recent change.

In the first place, the gradual rift which appeared about a year ago between the National Y. M. C. A. and the local organization was natural, inasmuch as affiliations at that time began to be strainedly uncongenial. Speakers were brought to Lehigh in accordance with the practice and program which had been laid out by the National "Y". These speakers were noted "Y" men, who brought with them policies of justice and idealism to present to the student body as food for thought.

Slowly and without apparent reason an antagonism began to appear. Although the Y. M. C. A. was a body which stood for religious and idealistic principles, these principles were slowly but surely pushed out of the spot-light, and economic, even radical, subjects were presented. It may be possible that

the students of Lehigh, particularly the members of the Senior Cabinet, were too stubborn to realize the point of view of these older and more experienced men, but the fact remained that the Y. M. C. A. no longer stood for the things which it was called upon to present to us.

The last Y. M. C. A. speaker to spread his gospel on the campus was Pat Malin. We can say without reservation that Pat

caused more uproar and more serious thought and discussion than had been aroused for some time on a subject of universal interest. However, was that his mission? The loyal "Y" did not agree with his policies. In a roomful of men there were none who could side with the speaker in spite of his powerful oratory and magnetic personality. Continued thought

and discussion for days brought about the feeling that the Y. M. C. A. no longer placed religion and idealism before the multitude but instead had grown radical and of an economic turn of mind.

Do we want religion? Apparently not. Two years ago an ambitious program of religious organization and Bible study was ordered by Fred Trafford. Talks by speakers of national prominence and discussion groups were arranged, but were so poorly attended that it was apparent that that sort of program was not wanted by the stu-

Last month Gilmore, in an article entitled "Y" THE CHANGE, asked certain questions of that organization, among the most important being: Why did the Association sever its connections with the national organization? Is the new Union going forward with a new lease of life and a bigger program? Are we going to have a program of teas, smokers, and getting rooms for students, or one of real purpose and intent?

This month, W. J. Scarlett answers the questions raised. This article has the official endorsement of the Secretary, Mr. Trafford.

dent body. Lehigh men, not unlike others of the present generation, will not have religion crammed down their throats any more than they will subscribe to radical and materialistic policies. Here is the answer to "Y" The Change.

Religion seems to be taboo, but there are some things which every human being demands; the right to think for himself; the opportunity to build character and to hold fast to some ideals, whatever they may be. What other organization will furnish these, if not the erstwhile Y. M. C. A.? The Union has sprung from that body which exemplified all those ideals of right living and manhood that every man admires and endeavors to cultivate. The function of the new Union will not be merely a quiet program of teas and receptions and college sings and concerts. The multitude of duties which the Secretary performs would amaze any of us. The incoming freshmen turn to him for guidance; they get rooms from his lists; if they are among those unfortunates who become miserable at not receiving a fraternity bid, they have a place to go for balm to soothe their spirits. Behind the Secretary are his cabinets. They stand ready to do anything which appears to be the will of the student body in matters of religion and the development of ideals.

Affiliation with the National Y. M. C. A. was costly. Was it worth the fees paid annually, which for the past two years have merely been gratuities to permit us to use the name? It will undoubtedly be better to stand alone, or-

dering our speakers as we want them, inviting only those whose policies we can endorse and follow, and retaining the fees for local work.

Every year the local churches request lists of the students of their respective denominations. To provide these has been a function of the Y. M. C. A., which will be carried on by the Union. The housing situation, which everyone knows is deplorable, has been greatly alleviated by no small amount of attention. The freshmen are made to feel at home upon their arrival and are greeted with that geniality which is a tradition of Lehigh. No other organization performs this function. Furthermore, there is not an organization on the campus which has not at some time been aided by the helping hand, which the Union stands for at all times, and which can be had for the asking.

If it becomes apparent that a religious program would be appreciated, the Union will foster it. It is not the intention of the officers or cabinet members to present an unwelcome program of activity to the student body. For the present at least, therefore, religion will be left in the hands of the local churches, which will receive the hearty co-operation of the Union. Uncongenial and expensive relations are a burden under any circumstances and thus independence is justified, and it only remains with the student body whether or not the new Lehigh Union will successfully fulfil its mission. Give it your support and you will have added materially to that vast and splendid organization which is Lehigh.

A. W. O. L.

By C. W. JOHNSON '28

IT was in April, 1918, when I was ordered to report to Sergeant Cleary of the M. P. Upon arriving at M. P. Headquarters I found seven other men, six privates and a corporal, who were also waiting for Sergeant Cleary. We were all from different parts of the Camp, and none of us knew what kind of "fatigue" we were on. At last the Sergeant entered. He informed us that we were detailed to go into the City and pick up some deserters,—men who had gone A. W. O. L. We were none too over-joyed at this duty, as may be readily imagined; for to arrest one's fellow-soldiers and bring them back to punishment is no pleasant task. However, in the Army there is no choice, and so in a few minutes we were en route for the City, under the command of Sergeant Cleary.

The trip in was pleasant enough. We talked and joked of matters pertaining to the Camp and Army life in general, and the Sergeant regaled us with tales of adventure in out-of-the-way places. He was an old Army man,—a tough old veteran of many "affairs", who had been everywhere and seen everything. A typical M. P. Sergeant—hardboiled, profane, harsh-faced, and fearless—he was nonetheless a most interesting talker, and we listened to him with respect.

Arrived in the City, we began our work immediately. Two of our "prospects" we located at their homes, and they came with us without making trouble. A third we had to subdue by violence. As soon as Cleary entered the room in which the deserter was, the latter sprang forward to attack us, club in hand. The corporal thereupon swung up his rifle, and caught our belligerent

friend beneath the ear with the butt. The blow knocked the deserter unconscious, and he dropped like a log to the floor, where we slipped handcuffs on his wrists. Cleary then revived him by dashing water in his face, and we set him upon his legs and marched him off.

Somehow I could not harden my heart against these men whom we were hunting down. To be sure they had deserted, but, after all, they were all draftees. None of them had volunteered, and no doubt they could see no good reason why they should be forced to learn the best ways and means of killing men who were just as helpless and impotent as themselves. So they just ran away, and it is no wonder that some of them fought against being taken back. At the very best they faced a long dreary term in a military prison, while at the worst,—well, deserters are sometimes shot, even in this civilized day and age.

The day went by slowly. We drove here and there,—stopping at this house and that saloon,—picking up man after man and stowing them away in the Police Patrol wagon which had been lent us for this purpose. One or two of the prisoners were so sodden with drink that they did not know why they were being taken in. They thought it a great joke—the poor fools! Several gazed straight before them into space, a helpless, hopeless expression in their eyes, while others crouched on the seats, mouthing curses, and staring half-defiantly at the Sergeant, who appeared to take no notice of them.

At last there was but one more call to make. It was about six o'clock in the evening and we were due back at Camp by nine. The wagon stopped in front of

a cheap lodging house in 38th Street, and we all piled out, leaving the usual two men to guard the prisoners in the Patrol. At the door of the house the landlady met us, and, with a frightened exclamation at sight of the uniforms and guns, asked the Sergeant what he wanted. He informed her of his business and commanded her to lead us to the deserter's rooms. She led the way in silence, and at last stopped in front of a door and pointed to it. Then she stepped back, wringing her hands nervously, and watched the proceedings.

In my mind's eye I can picture that grim scene now. There we stood in the cheap torn-papered hallway, — the ill-burning gas light casting grotesque shadows on walls and ceiling, — the smell of cheap cooking drifting around us. The landlady stood back, her face moving, and even in that dim and uncertain light I could see great tears rolling down her sallow cheeks, at which I wondered, "Why?". I soon found out. The Sergeant, looming large in the gas light, lifted his hand to knock. Suddenly there came from inside the room a low-pitched wailing cry that made my blood run cold. The Sergeant stood as if turned to stone, his hand arrested mid-way in its passage. Then he recovered, and his hand fell against the panels of the door with a resounding thump. At the sound of the knock the noises in the room ceased, and then we heard footsteps approaching the door. "Who is there?", asked a quavering voice, and at the Sergeant's growl of "M. P. detail! Open up, there!", the door swung wide, revealing a man in ill-kempt and badly-fitting uniform. It was evidently the man whom we had come to arrest. His face was worn and haggard, and at sight of the uniforms he fell back into the room, terror written in every line of

his face. Cleary stepped forward, and grasping the man by the shoulder said, "You'd better come quietly!" At this moment the cry we had just heard was repeated, and at the sound the form of the deserter twitched while a spasm of pain crossed his face. "What is that?" asked Cleary. The man looked at him dazedly "My wife—baby" was all he could say, but we understood what he meant. For a second, I could swear, Cleary's face became almost tender, but immediately it hardened again, and he said briefly, "'s too bad! C'mon!" For a minute the deserter did not gather the full import of Cleary's words; then as the meaning sank into his mind, the poor devil dropped to the floor whining and moaning like a licked cur, and begging the Sergeant not to take him away. It is an awful thing to see a man cry that way, and I felt that I hated Cleary for his cruelty. Then a man entered from the little room beyond, and walking up to us said that he was the doctor. He eyed the man at Cleary's feet, and then looked full at the Sergeant. "Sergeant," said he, "I shall not attempt to advise you, but I warn you that if you deprive that poor woman in there of her husband, she will probably die!" For just a minute Cleary hesitated, then his jaw tightened like a clamp, and stooping down he pulled the deserter roughly to his feet and slipped the 'cuffs on his wrists. He eyed the doctor as if about to speak, then turned abruptly, and holding his man by the arm despite his struggles, pushed through the little crowd that had gathered around the door. We followed him, and going down the stairs deposited the prisoner, screaming and crying, in the wagon with the rest.

We took our prisoners to the train, and leaving them under guard in the

baggage car, betook ourselves to the smoker. What a difference between the return trip and the journey out! No joking now,—no anecdotes by the Sergeant; indeed there was hardly a word spoken during all the return journey. It was as if the events of the day had sobered and saddened all of us. I was thinking particularly of that last pitiful scene, and a black hatred of Cleary was forming in my heart. How I detested him for dragging that miserable man away from his sick—perhaps dying—wife. Then I happened to look over at the Sergeant. His face was partially averted, but something I saw made me look more closely. Why, the man was crying, actually crying, and his face was working in a way that showed him to be strongly moved! And then I understood! In the Army, the individual does not count, and Cleary

was not to blame for that sorry episode. He had seen his duty and had obeyed his orders, despite the fact that in his heart he was feeling for that poor woman, dying because her husband had been taken from her. Yes, he had done his duty, but what it must have cost him! A wave of pity surged over me for the Sergeant; indeed I pitied him more than the deserter who had been responsible for all this misery. Poor Cleary!

We arrived in Camp at last, and Cleary turned over his charges to the M. P. officer. Then he turned to us and hesitated. I thought for a minute he would comment on the happenings of the day, but no. Training was too strong for him. "Dismiss!" he barked, and turning on his heel left us to depart for our several quarters.

Nostalgia

By MARVIN SIDNEY '29

It had been softly raining all the day
And, saddened by the gleam of shiv'ring lights
And dancing shadows, splotched in misty gray
Across the endless rows of lonely nights,
I went to you. I went to you to find
The peace, the calm, and tender, quiet talk
Of beauty. Only you could give my mind
That single staff to aid its solitary walk.

To-day the trees have softly dripped again
And filled the mist-enchanted streets with wan
And bitter dusk, and silver threads of rain.
And I would go to you — but you are gone.
My only weakness, gone. Perhaps it's better so.
And yet — I do not know — I do not know.

FIRST YEAR IMPRESSIONS

The impressions of a "Frosh" at the end of his first year.

IF we are to believe the men who talk to us in the orientation lectures, the university is a wonderfully organized machine which automatically gives us exactly the knowledge that we need, if we have but the ambition to devour it and the ability to digest it. After all these grandiloquent pronouncements of Freshman Week, the incoming students are lead to expect much—in many cases, too much. For, after all has been said, the fact remains that the university, like all other human institutions, is very fallible, and the different departments, like so many individuals, have their separate failings and weaknesses, as well as their strong points.

In the beginning, the English Department forces itself most strongly on the newcomer's attention. It assumes an insulting attitude that the Freshmen know absolutely nothing about libraries, catalogs, and dictionaries, and immediately sets out to correct this supposed ignorance by giving a series of subjects, words and names to be looked up. The result is a state of utter boredom on the part of the students, and indescribable confusion on the part of the library which seriously interferes with those who have real business there. This is, perhaps, a minor matter, but it causes serious doubts in the students' minds as to the honesty of the department's purposes.

At this point the average student gives himself over to routine work and lets the matter of departmental policies go by the board, for he is engrossed in the weightier matter of making marks; but the student loafer and critic has just stepped into his native

field. I have but one criticism of the English Department's policy: They assign rigid topics upon which a theme has to be written by a definite time, under penalty of failure, and then expect worthwhile papers to be turned in; a legitimate criticism, but one to which there seems to be an equally legitimate answer: Were it not for the time limit, the department would be swamped by late themes upon the day before examinations. But true as this answer is, it seems that something should be done to help the student who takes the time to write a really good essay, and finds that the very time he spent in ruminating upon his subject in order to improve his theme has failed it by making it late.

The Chemistry Department, on the other hand, sets out immediately to capture the student's interest and co-operation. Instead of giving him a quantity of boresome work to do, they commence by lecturing to him on the glory and fascination of their course, its importance to the world at large, and its interest for him in particular. When they consider they have aroused his sufficient interest and imparted a certain amount of basic knowledge, they set him to work performing picturesque experiments and thus keep his attention focussed so much upon the course that he forgets to object when they impart some real knowledge. The depth of the impression which is made on the student by this course of action can be estimated by the fact that most of the Freshmen gave up the returns from their Chemistry Laboratory fees for the extension of the Department's facilities in research work.

Perhaps the Chemistry Department achieves a certain amount of its popularity through the intrinsic nature of its subject, but certainly the Department's attitude towards the student body also has an effect. The Chemistry Department is always willing to tell the student his exact standing at the time and his prospects for the future, whereas getting marks from the Physics Department is like precipitating sodium; it can't be done. Perhaps this Department has been teaching the inexorability of natural laws for so long that it has begun to look at its own operations in that light. From the student's point of view, however, dealing with a natural law has one great advantage over dealing with the Physics Department, — when you deal with a natural law you can see the result.

The Mathematics Department is quite as relentless in its attitude towards the student as the Physics Department, but it goes upon its way with such an air of mathematical precision and justifies its conduct by so many bewildering charts that the students are not inclined to bear malice, and accept its rulings as what is to be expected from a Mathematics Department. Cruel as the "one-fifth flunk" ruling may seem, it has about it such a convincing logic, borne out by the actual marks, that no sensible protest can be made against it; it is coldly, mathematically accurate. What could be more appropriate?

Like the Mathematics Department, the M. S. and T. Department gives what might be expected. Because of the drill it ranks among the other petty annoyances like Compulsory Gym, Chapel and

College Lectures. If it were not for the weekly struggling into a corset-like uniform it is doubtful whether the Freshmen would give the department much outside thought.

The mention of annoyances brings up the subject of engineering conferences. The engineering conferences were supposed to give the student an outlook upon engineering generally, and assist him in choosing his course. The giving of a general outlook, however, seems to have degenerated into a sort of one-man bull session carried on by the head of the particular Department, or his representative. When this is not the case, the Department tries out its own pet theories upon the unprotected students in the form of a psychological examination along the line of the Department's greatest interest; or perhaps it delivers a lecture on the history of mankind: that, at least, is interesting. The two notable exceptions to this rule are the Chemical and Civil Engineering Departments. They actually take the trouble to lecture to the students on some interesting and typical phase of their own work.

Perhaps this article seems a trifle over-critical, but the annoyances are the first things which make an impression on one's mind, and this article was supposed to a sublimation of personal and class impressions of the various Departments. You will note, I say Departments, for there is no mention of the individuals which compose them. This, as nearly as I can approximate it, is the general opinion of the Freshman Class concerning the Departments, if we omit such individual references, and I submit it with that idea only in mind.

RUSHING

By W. J. SCARLETT '28

WITH the close of school comes the thought that the rushing season will be one of the first problems to confront the fraternity man on his arrival in Bethlehem in the Fall.

Rushing season at Lehigh for the past two years has been held during the period of freshman orientation, really before the opening of school. For a period of nine days, the fraternities are permitted to look over the available material and to do their best at making decisions on men whom they have never seen before, men who are at best somewhat befuddled and amazed at their new surroundings. The freshman who arrives

on the campus from his home town literally does not know what it is all about. He is plunged into duties which he hardly understands; he is rushed by fraternities, some of which he has never heard of before; and he must put himself through that baffling labyrinth which is registration.

That for the Frosh. The fraternity man leaves home where he has been working, or a resort where he has been enjoying himself, to come back early and plunge into the duties of rushing, almost two weeks before he would otherwise return to Bethlehem. In all respects it appears to be a very inopportune time for this function. Then why cannot we have a system which employs another period during the year? Many colleges are now rushing either in the second semester or even in the begin-

ning of the second year.

At the University of Pennsylvania, for instance, the freshmen are barred from fraternity houses until the second semester, and rushing comes at a dull time during the college year, when both the upper classman and the freshman would find time hanging heavily on their hands. All during the first semester the freshman becomes acclimated, so that

when it is time to make that decision which means so much to any college man, he is able to arrive at a decision without having his mind filled with a fear of the unknown. That is the major topic open for consideration and the only

topic which demands immediate attention.

On the other hand, the fraternities, having had an opportunity to "look over the field," are in a position to know what material is available and on which men they wish to spend their time. The general confusion and consternation which is prevalent at registration are absent, the decks are cleared for action, and more intensive rushing and saner decisions are the result. It appears that this system has many advantages over that in practice at Lehigh at the present time.

To look the problem squarely in the face, however, it would seem that for the present at least there is no alternative open at Lehigh. The housing problem is the deterring factor. With dormitory space for fewer than two hun-

Rumor has it that in 1928 the Dean is going to institute second semester rushing at Lehigh University. Scarlett '28 sizes up both sides of the question and comes to the conclusion that such a course would be impractical under the present conditions.

The problem is a vital one and other angles will be discussed in subsequent issues.

dred men it would be impossible to accommodate the incoming freshmen, unless some of them were taken into fraternity houses. Ten days or two weeks of practically cut-throat rushing is the result of this deplorable condition. Freshmen are wrenched from their mothers' apron-strings and are plunged into all the wonders and intricacies of college life. They are seriously maltreated by the sophomores; they are baffled at the requirements of registration; their minds are filled with the worry attendant on the beginning of a new and stormy venture. Can they make decisions for themselves?

Strange to say, there are not many serious cases of "misfits". If initiation is not held until the second semester, as is the practice of most fraternities now, a man has an opportunity to rectify an error in judgment made during the busy times.

From another angle, now, do the fraternities at Lehigh give each other a square deal? They have a fraternity agreement whereby no man shall be pledged until a specified time. But isn't it necessary in most cases to signify the intention of giving a pledge when the time arrives? There is little room for doubt in that case, and in most cases the agreement is strictly adhered to by all members of the Inter-Fraternity Council. Lehigh men usually shoot pretty straight, and this is one of the ways they maintain that reputation.

What of the legacy? His father or brother is anxiously awaiting news from the front. Does he get a square deal? In many colleges a legacy means a great deal more than it does at Lehigh. If a man is a legacy to a fraternity, the other fraternities consider him as good as pledged to that house, and rush him merely as a matter of courtesy, so that they may become acquainted with him, and perhaps to reciprocate with his fraternity. Such is not the case here, however. In the first place, there is no precedent which dictates that a legacy will be pledged. Quite the contrary. It seems that if a man is a legacy on the Lehigh campus, he is almost certain to be pledged by another house, if at all. For the reason, that legacies are merely given a more thorough going over than the average freshmen, they differ in no respects from the other freshmen.

It appears that we are hog-tied in the matter of rushing. The freshmen need accommodations, and we must supply them as soon after they arrive in Bethlehem as is possible. We have a system which has no glaring faults, although it might be improved upon. There seems to be only one way to carry on, and that is the same way in which this function has been carried out for the past few years. We must accept our duties and support them as we have in the past and in the same manner.

PALMERSTON

(By PHILIP GUEDALLA)

Reviewed by SIDNEY M. BROWN

HERE we have a new Guedalla—at least one different from him of “The Second Empire,” “Fathers of the Revolution,” “A Gallery,” etc., etc., for Guedalla, after many attempts, has found someone of whom he seriously approves. The weaknesses of Palmerston are spared the shafts of that “impossibly brilliant” wit, and are portrayed as but the shadows of admired strength. The generous flippancy and the healthy irreverence are there, (as where else should they be surer found?) but, with unexpected consideration, are reserved for “all beside” our Kindly Lord and his loved and lovable Lady. It is a strange portrait which Guedalla paints, if indeed it be a portrait at all. One reads through the half-a-thousand pages, captivated and entranced, understanding Palmerston all the way, and watches the “last candle of the Eighteenth Century” flicker out with a more than vicarious regret. You have walked side by side with Palmerston from 1786 (Yes! he was born in 1784 with Yorktown less than a lustrum away) to 1865 (and six months beyond Appomatox), and yet you are surprised that no definite figure appears in the mind’s eye (whatever that is). There is no formal summary of his virtues, no category of his vices. You have a sort

of a developer’s impression; several hundred feet of film looked at ‘in the rough’ and not on the screen. At one moment he is urging his War Office clerks to use more ink and make larger letters in a vain attempt at legibility; again he is addressing the House of Commons with an unearthly serenity, abandoning the classics to sit down ‘upon a sentence from Burke’; he is

hunting with the Emperor of the French, or shooting clay pigeons and not too diplomatically suggesting that Napoleon III knows when *his* trap is to be sprung; or he parades down Piccadilly, resplendent in a white ‘topper’, when he is not answering the interminable complaints of Queen Victoria that “She now only gets the Drafts when they are

“And so it goes from Eton to Bocket with Guedalla as a bewitching guide, giving us glimpses of all that is real, all that is human of Palmerston.”

Prof. Brown is so impressed with this unusual biography that he adds, “I said before that I was not sure that it is not the right way to produce a biography. I am nearly sure that it is the *only* way.”

“To know is boredom. Guedalla does not know, but he loves, and I am sure that Palmerston would have reined in his horse and doffed that inimitable white hat, the envy and despair of London’s best, to his latest biographer.”

gone.” (p. 306)

As a biography it is unique—and I am not at all sure that it is not the right way to produce a biography. 1784–1865 were momentous years for England, what with a French Revolution, a Napoleonic War, a Crimean War, the coming of Empire, an Industrial Revolution, a Reform Bill, a Chartist Movement, a Sepoy Rebellion, and a dearth of cotton in Lancashire. The Crimean War appears in but six pages; there is no word of Canada, Australia, South Africa, or New Zealand; the Reform Bill is com-

pressed into a sentence, and the Industrial Revolution into a paragraph; the Chartist Movement is a 'Waterloo of peace and order'; and while England waits breathlessly for news from Lucknow, Palmerston is protesting against the restrictive iron hurdles in Hyde Park. The United States bulks unusually large — occupying *parts* of fifteen pages—and none too complimentary. But we are dealing with one of the products of the Eighteenth Century, a man born when Cornwallis with complacent optimism was at last establishing a "Permanent Settlement" in India; a strong abolitionist whose admiration for physical dexterity did not extend to the remarkable accuracy with which American diplomats could expectorate the first fruits of Virginia. Four quotations will suffice to show that his predilections did not befog his politics: — In 1840 (*in re* the Maine Boundary dispute) he says, "the outcry is a factitious one raised by a Few land jobbers and speculators ———. The States of the Union are in a condition of general bankruptcy, and that does not give a Fancy for maritime war to a nation who live for commerce" (p. 236). In 1855: — "Freedom to the slaves proclaimed by a British Force landed in the South would shake the Union to its base" (p. 408). In

1857:—"I have long felt inwardly convinced that the Anglo-Saxon race will in Process of Time become Masters of the whole American Continent North and South it is not for us to assist such a Consummation, but on the contrary to delay it as long as possible;" (p. 430) and again, in 1861, "Our best and true policy seems to be to go on as we have begun, and to keep quite clear of the conflict between North and South" (p. 464).

And so it goes from Eton to Brocket with Guedalla as bewitching guide, giving us glimpses of all that is real, all that is human of Palmerston. I said before that I was not sure that 'it is not the right way to produce a biography'. I am nearly sure that it is the *only* way. For whom of those that we really love and admire, have we a Gainsborough impression? Isn't it just these fleeting glimpses, a thousand times repeated, the failure to comprehend all, perhaps the *fear* of comprehending all, that lends mystery and therefore charm to those we love? To *know* is boredom. Guedalla doesn't *know*, but he loves, and I am sure that Palmerston would have reined in his horse and doffed that inimitable white hat, the envy and despair of London's 'best', to his latest biographer.

le 28 fevrier 1922

The river, icy, blackly grim,
Lay shuddering between its frozen shores.
The wintry sun,
From his chariot in the grey and sullen sky,
Splintered a million darts of steel
Upon its tortured bosom.

le 1er mars 1922

A deeper blue is in the sky . . .
A softer gleam . . . a winged promise breathes
A silver note ———
The river wakes . . . palpitant with hope,
A million sunbeams, like a chain of gold
Laugh upon its bosom.

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

By ROBERT SERBER

ALL you who bemoan a world monotonously gray, who find no joys in ancient pastimes, who feel books dry and the theatre dull, who seek new and bizarre diversion, hail! A Messiah has arisen; dawn breaks in the west.

Thrills press upon you. To one of the blest every road has its uses, every car its promise, every cop his zest. The ecstasies of the open road, of the city streets, of the heavy traffic! What knew the ancients of these, divine culminations of American civilization? One Ford is the peer of all Shakespeare, a Dodge is worth the whole French Academy. One has but to know. And I intend to tell, or at least suggest, a few elementary sports. I pray for go-getting disciples!

Anyone owning or having access to a car can indulge in the games listed below. They are intended for four-wheel brakes and ninety-horsepower engines, but can be modified to suit conditions. They are made exciting by natural hazards: cross roads, trains, speed cops, woman drivers, and the Law of Inertia. The one important rule to be observed is to keep out of jail. It always puts a damper on a party. Burn incense to the Goddess of Chance, the patroness of sport!

The beginner, particularly with a new car, will do well to practise this little exercise:

Wait until an old lady tries to cross the street. Kep on waiting until you are

sure her back is towards you. That is half the fun. Come up fast and put on the brakes, all of them. If they do not make enough noise themselves, use of the horn is permissible. If the old lady faints, do not wait for the ambulance—sometimes they send a patrol wagon. If she swears at you ——. This is a certain test of gentility.

The neophyte will also find this to advantage:

Pick out a crowded section. A ferry wharf does admirably. Wait until a commuter is about to start in front of you, arms loaded with bundles in pursuance of ancient tradition. Start in high. Score: — two points for every bundle dropped, five for each one actually knocked out of patient's arms.

This may be modified:

Drive along close to the curb, and remove, with the front mudguard, the cigars of all the gesturing gentlemen on the pavements. This is a safe pastime. If they were anybody who is anybody, they wouldn't point.

On rainy days puddle-splashing can be made attractive, provided it isn't raining so hard as to drive off the pedestrians.

Anyone of spirit will soon become satiated by these naive attempts. The more sophisticated may now advance to better things.

This next one is a test of ability and is productive of more thrills in one mile than the three musketeers found in their whole trip to England. Dumas

was one of the best of them, too.

Turn on bright lights. Wait until a car approaches from the opposite direction. Become righteously indignant, "Hog the road, will you?". Turn sharply to left. Press accelerator. Do not offer to help opponent out of ditch. In fact it is better not even to stop to see if he appreciates the humor of the thing. Some people are unreasonable.

When one tires of this really excellent sport, one can find diversion on one's own side of the road. Start to pass and cut towards curb when half-way past. The scoring system is the same as in the last event. Points depend on cost (original) of client's car, and cost (estimated) of client's repair bill. If he turns over, it is worth two doubles.

If the day is cold, or one must be home soon, this one can be played over as short a distance as desired. It is designed for Chryslers, but a Marmon might get away with it. Find somebody in a hurry to get somewhere. Doctors serve admirably. Get in front of him. Slow down (a Chrysler can do three miles an hour in high). If he wants to pass left, swerve left. If he wants to pass right, swerve right. This may be done by consulting rear-view mirror. Do not look back. Look innocent and unconscious. When his face begins to turn purple, let him get even with rear axle. Then throw in second jet. It is disgusting to see a man give rein to animal passions. In this condi-

tion he would probably be dangerous to humanity, so keep him down to three miles an hour until he cools off. As soon as you hit a concrete road, step on it. Never, never, pick a car faster than yours. One must avoid these animal passions.

You can generally put a bourgeois in his place by passing him at seventy miles an hour. He will faint.

Passing standing trolley cars is also fine sport. Credit: plus thirty seconds. Penalty: minus twenty years. Penalty applies if some one gets off trolley.

The college student will find it amusing to chase professors. They are usually very agile. Do not follow onto pavement if third party is looking. Keep hat pulled well down over eyes, in anticipation of failure. In that event do not idle. Your motor, I mean. Write to highway department for new license tags.

These amusements may be indulged in at any time. Although effective, they are comparatively safe when contrasted with the dangers of ancestral pastimes: the misery of myopia, the sorrow of spectacles, the ordeal of opinions. In addition to the orthodox classics the disciple will find numberless joyous opportunities in innumerable accidental and unpredictable situations. To the daring the Goddess is lavish.

Who would sacrifice to other Dieties? To the fire with him, burn him in gasoline!

LITERARY LAPSES

MUSINGS ON THE LATEST BOOKS

LITTLE MEXICAN

By Aldous Huxley

“**L**ITTLE MEXICAN” is a collection of six short stories by Aldous Huxley. The catchiest title among the six is used to designate the volume.

The author has little regard for plot and concerns himself more with character portrayal and philosophical reflection than skilful dénouement. He writes, apparently, to give free rein to his own ideas and imagination rather than to amuse his readers. As a result the stories lack the bookish tang and are presented in a pleasing, conversational manner. Oftentimes the writer, suddenly pleased by something he has said, will muse thoughtfully and give vent to his findings. These are always entertaining and awake in the reader a feeling of sincere intimacy.

The delineation of temperament is very interestingly done. We are given a knowledge of the characters by their actions and surroundings, details of vesture and countenance are omitted. Huxley leaves one with the feeling that he is interested in man insofar as he is an interesting study. In this little volume he presents the actions of his characters and records the impression left on him. Thus he pictures for us the elements of the personality and the resultant ego which they combine to produce.

Because of his method of character portrayal background is a very vital part of Huxley's writings. He has

achieved description without wordiness or the use of esoteric phrases. By means of several naive adjectives we are transported with him to the Belgian carnival, the haunts of Casanova, or to the ever-changing beauty of the Apennines.

Most interesting among the collection is the tale of “Uncle Spencer”, a story of the war, but not a war story. It is a clever sketch of the changes wrought by environment in the character of an eccentric, unsophisticated Belgian who, because of his isolation from the iconoclastic world had maintained his unblemished idealism until a ripe old age when the World War placed him in contact with the grossness of life.

“Hubert and Minnie” is the most entertaining anecdote. It has for its theme the emotions of a loving couple who believed with John Donne;

To our bodies turn we then, that so

Weak men on love revealed may look.
Love's mysteries in the soul do grow,
But yet the body is his book.

* * * * *

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN

By Frances Newman

This is the book which brought fame to Frances Newman, whose name is comparatively new in the literary world. Done in a novel way, with no dialogue, it is nevertheless very interesting. The author shows, by frequent reference, an

intimate knowledge of literature and foreign lands. She has a remarkable talent for the mental reactions of her virgin heroine who thinks herself cleverer than most men and who attempts to display her cleverness at every opportunity.

The heroine is Katharine Faraday, the daughter of a rich Georgian, who grows up in a realm of books and develops her intellect at the expense of her feminine charm. She passes through her sub-deb and deb careers rather uneventfully. At her brother's death, she falls heir to his estate and sets out quite openly in the pursuit of—not a man—but men.

The story is written from the standpoint of a mental biographer and nowhere does the author describe the outward appearance of her protagonist. Each advance in intellectual development, especially those made during the age of puberty, is recorded in a realistic manner. The account is brought to a close when its heroine loses her title.

Long, circumlocutious sentences make the book difficult to read in some places. However, once the reader understands the writer's thought, he finds her style entertaining in its novelty.

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STORIES IN STONE

By Willis T. Lee, New York
(D. VanNostrand Co. 1926, 219 pages)

This book is the eighth of a series entitled "Library of Modern Science" and fully does for geology what the preceding volumes have done for their particular divisions of science.

It is written with an absence of technical terms and radiates the author's "enthusiastic interest" in his subject the beginning of which is told under the heading of Inspiration in Chapter II.

The book deals with geological processes and history which he has vitalized from the usual mass of data into vivid scenes that both describe and explain the origin of the great natural wonders of the United States which under popular interest have been incorporated into our growing system of National Parks. The text will inform visitors to these wonders both concisely and correctly.

The late Dr. Lee was head of the Geological Department of the University of Oklahoma, special lecturer on geology at Yale and on the staff of the U. S. Geological Survey, the authority on the coal of Eastern Colorado and New Mexico, discoverer of the Carlsbad Caverns, and a pioneer in mapping by aeroplane.

The direct subject matter of the book is accurate and theories are weighed with care against a scientific background. Evolution is taken as a fact.

A line of criticism by the author, following the quotation of a poem by Charlotte P. Stetson's "In This Our World," "These verses differ rather sharply from some attempts to incorporate scientific material in popular writing, for in them no distortion of facts lurks under poetic license," is the reader's guarantee of true facts.

* * * * *

THE PLUTOCRAT

By Booth Tarkington

"The Plutocrat," Booth Tarkington's latest book, presents a defense of Babbitt whom Sinclair Lewis so subtly satirizes in his novel. By investing his hero with wealth, Tarkington makes him a man commanding admiration and respect rather than one to be criticized for his prosaic, "small-town" bearing as Lewis would have him. Throughout the novel, whose plot unfolds during a European trip, the reader is continually made aware that "Money is Power" and its possessor a king among men.

A young playwright, well-to-do, cultured, and soft-spoken is an excellent contrast to the power-conscious, overbearing plutocrat. Tarkington reduces even this refined gentleman to a state where he must ask aid of his hated companion. In the battle of Culture versus Wealth, it is Wealth that the author picks to win.

A pleasing romance is woven around the playwright and the plutocrat's daughter who is displeased by her father's actions but angered by any criticism. Although her suitor by no means refrains caviling, the writer constructs a charming love tale whose intrigues are very entertaining.

The plot is well-developed and, although it is not elaborate, makes interesting reading. Tarkington with his excellent brand of humor has the ability to produce scenes so amusing that only the barest shadow of a plot is necessary.

Humor, which is well presented throughout the novel, depends on situations for its existence. The author is a master hand in contriving this type of facetiousness and he well succeeds in making the book a delightful evening's reading.

* * * * *

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY

By John Erskine

John Erskine expresses his carefully-formulated opinions of life problems through the speeches of his characters. Morality, love, and child-rearing are the most interesting. The first two, especially, he gives careful and extensive

consideration. Of love he draws the conclusion that it is, "A divine realization of life, yes, an awakening to the world outside and the soul within—but not happiness." As is his custom, he presents this aphorism, a whim of his mind, in an axiomatic style which demands acceptance and makes contradiction seem impossible.

Morality, according to the author's standard, is highly individualized. He believes wholeheartedly in the ethics of life itself and that one "can find out whether an action is right or wrong by doing it—that a right action has better results." So far as a moral code is concerned, he credits the person "who does a wrong he feels he can not help, yet expects to suffer for it, and is ready to pay the penalty as though it were his fault" with a morality far above the average.

One can not help but admire Helen, a clever and beautiful woman who skillfully uses her ends and becomes the fact that they isolate her from the world by placing her on a pedestal of perfection. Menelaos, her husband, is no more than a foil for Helen. He is a dogged, stubborn character who, because of his wife's keen intellect, is hopelessly unable to understand her.

Although it lacks the spontaneity and zest of Wilde's dialogues, the book is extremely interesting and provides many topics for intensive thought. It is much better than "Galahad", his more recent work, in which by paying more attention to plot, the author has somewhat weakened his main charm — his entertaining criticisms.

CYNICAL NOTES

By ALGERNON JOLYON HERKIMER II—'30

A young man with ideals once came to college. He didn't come to play football, edit the paper, wear a ponderous fraternity pin, verse himself in the gentle art of capturing the hearts of the town strumpets, but to study. It happened that this youth had the good fortune to be fairly well read, and also was interested enough in his education to assimilate the material in his textbooks rather than to stuff himself like a fattened goose, the night before a quiz. One day during a long discussion in a course in controversial philosophy, he heard several murmurs of dissent among his classmates, because he had expressed himself thoroughly and comprehensively. Was it possible that a man in a higher institution of knowledge could not express his views upon a subject given for class discussion? No! Impossible! This place had been built upon the ideals of enlightenment of man!

The next day while reading in an alcove in the library he overheard the following conversation: "Doesn't that guy in Philo gripe you? Just because he knows what Daddy is talking about he thinks he's smart." "Yea, you should hear him in English. The way he writes you would think he was Shakespeare. I'm tellin' you the guy's queer." "You're right, he is queer. Huh! Course crabber!"

The certain young man with ideals left the University in March.

* * * * *

We have heard all the worthy members of the community deliver their impotent and imbecilic opinions about the

liquor problem in college. Narrow-visioned Ph. D.'s, platitudinous ministers, drooling Rotarians, have all offered some panacea to offset this so-called evil. But why "evil"? Have any of them ever inhaled the delicious effluvi-um emanating from a newly-opened bottle of Scotch? Have any of them ever experienced a night when the realities of the world were blotted out in the aesthetic joy of consuming several bottles of champagne? Have any of them ever traversed the same field of ethereal beauty, this joy of lyric rhapsody, this obliteration of the sordid world of convention, that inspired Francois Villon, Poe, DeQuincy, and Burns? No. These protagonists of asceticism live like rats in the deepest burrows of the filth of their own conventions. We for more and better liquor!

* * * * *

At a certain football game last Fall there was a very vociferous sophomore who was trying to strain his entrails by bellowing to the team "come on, gang". He also took it upon himself to exhort his fellow spectators to cheer. The brunt of his enthusiasm fell upon one poor unsuspecting freshman. "What the hell are you lookin' at, frosh? Why don't you holler? Where's your spirit?"

One morning the frosh got up late. The day was bitter cold, and walking was difficult. Seeing a large empty car coming his way, he motioned the driver for a lift. The latter turned his face away and pretended not to notice. He happened to be a loud sophomore with the "Spirit".

THROUGH THE EDITOR'S EYES

A recent campus story has it that a banquet was scheduled at one of our well-known road houses. Two members of the faculty and an assistant dean were to be there. Someone slipped and forgot to petition the Dean's office. The "Honorary" arrived for the meal and found that it had been cancelled by the office due to the infraction of the rules.

* * * * *

The automobile question is one which has been much in public print of late years. A few weeks ago a student was killed on the Lafayette campus. Immediately there is a rule passed that beginning this coming year there are to be no student-owned cars on the campus. We shall more than likely have such a rule on our campus shortly.

* * * * *

There are regulations as to time and place of school dances, regulations as to the sobriety of the student and penalties imposed if he is caught inebriated, regulations if he cuts too much, committees to decide on the decency of his publications. Some one on the faculty gets insulted because of a statement made in a publication and from then on

the paper is banned. And so it goes, from one regulation to the next, each faculty meeting and Board of Trustees adds new numbers to the list.

* * * * *

We are in the age of paternalism. Age legislates for youth, hoping to curb his enthusiasm and youthful extremes by that method. And yet we wonder why this change. With this regulations of the student's outside activities we have taken the attitude of coddling him in his class-room work. We carry him on our rolls, knowing that he can't pass, but hoping that by some slant fate may step in and save the day. Then we rail at the fact that there are too many men in college and too many men who shouldn't be in school, and yet we keep on our campuses a great number of misfits because of sentimentality.

Let us put our colleges on a different basis. Let his work be the test, and stop regulating. As soon as a man's works suffer and he falls below—flunk him out. We carry too many men Stop regulating—let the student fight his own battles with our help and guidance, but drop him when he proves that he is not worthy of the educational system.

ASK ME ANOTHER

1. What is the only degree that can not be honorary?
2. What is the record time for the 100-yard dash? Give name of one of the four holders.
3. What graduate of Virginia flew over the North Pole?
4. What colleges publish the following comics: Widow, Black and Blue Jay, Punch Bowl, Wasp, Lampoon, Voodoo, and Puppet?
5. Who is the new czar of Eastern football?
6. What was Price Hall before its reconstruction as a dormitory?
7. What are two famous negro universities?
8. What is the difference between a college and a university?
9. What national fraternities use the following names: St. Elmo, St. Anthony, and Briarcliff?
10. Of what universities are the following men presidents: James R. Angell, Nicholas M. Butler, W. H. P. Faunce, Earnest Hopkins?
11. With what sports are the following associated: Weismuller, Joey Ray Nurmi, Chandler, and H. E. Dodge?
12. What fraternities do the following belong to: C. Coolidge, Taft, and Horatio Alger?
13. What is the Smithsonian Institute?
14. Who founded Yale, Harvard, Williams, and Amherst?
15. Although they are for the same course, what is the difference between a B. A. and an A. B. degree?
16. What are the Nobel Prizes?
17. What are the Pulitzer Scholarships?
18. What foreign team competed in the recent Penn Relays?
19. When were the first Olympic games?
20. When was Phi Beta Kappa founded?

AN ENGINEERING EDUCATION

By FRANK L. SCHWARTZ

HIGHER education in some form or another since the dawn of civilization has been a vital factor in world building both with respect to ideals and matters of sense. The history of human knowledge is a history, on the whole, of a continuous and ever-accelerating progress. It has demanded the greatest thinkers of the ages. Men have contributed their entire lives and energies to it. If higher education is such an important subject, what is the value of a college education? What does the freshman entering college expect to get there? Particularly what is the value of an engineering education? Should a lad go to college for work, for the realization of a definite aim, for discipline and a severe training of his faculties or for relaxation and a place to spend four years before facing the problem of earning a livelihood? Should he seek at college a general discipline of faculties, a general awakening to the ends and problems of the modern world, or should he seek especially and definitely to prepare himself for his support and advancement in the world after his college days? To answer these questions demands a survey of modern life and an assessment of the part an educated man ought to play in it. We are living in an age of complexity, a day which no man can comprehend in its entirety. Extraordinary effort is required to achieve many uncommon difficulties encountered in the modern world. The man who understands some single piece of work, some single process or development, will never understand anything else. Even that particular thing which he does understand may be obsolete within his life-

time. Processes change, and industry undergoes instant revolutions. To-day, every undertaking is linked with another. No enterprise stands alone.

College is the one institution which stimulates men's power to organize and guide the varied needs of the modern world. It produces men with a capacity and readiness to think. It engenders the ability to handle man as well as to handle tools and correct processes. It creates resourcefulness and develops the power of adaptation to existing needs. It is a training school for the men who are to rise above the ranks. In short, a man is expected to get, if he has not wasted four vitally significant years of his life, a quickening and a training which will make him in some degree a master among men. If he does not acquire this, his college education has not been worth his while. Dr. Faunce of Brown suggests horizon and mastery as the two outstanding objectives of higher education. A man coming to college has up to that time come in contact with only a small circle of friends. His experience has been real, but extremely limited. Therefore we shall expect a college education to broaden his mind, to teach him something of everything. No college education can ever be expected to produce a man who will have a complete knowledge of everything, but every college education should bring forth a man equipped with a general knowledge. On the other hand, his education should not be limited to general knowledge, but he should have mastery in some one portion of the world's learning. He should have the desire to do something definite.

One of the essentials in the mental make-up of a successful man is the ability to think logically, accurately, and quickly, and to make decisions promptly. These elements are inbred in the engineer more than in the classically educated man, because the engineer knows that his mistakes are likely to be more

or less permanent and public. It is for this reason that there is an ever growing tendency for the man trained in engineering to rise and assume some of the larger responsibilities of public life. He is ideally suited for this work, by reason of the very nature of his training.

To-Morrow

By MARVIN SIDNEY '29

"To-morrow and to-morrow and
To-morrow." Man grows old and gray.
Cheeks encaved and pallid lips; hand
Even too weak to grasp the day
That's left. The wrinkled body creeps
Into the sun, with drooping head
That waits for death. (Or mayhap reaps
A life of labor — dies in bed.)

I, too, will mumble in the sun;
(This song of death we all must sing) —
My glass is turned, the sand will run;
And short I'll be this wretched thing.
(All this I face; all ugliness,
And loss of love and tenderness,
But what I know and cannot bear
Is, that I will not even care.)

ANSWERS TO Ask Me Another

1. Doctor of Philosophy (Ph. D.).
2. Nine and three-fifths seconds, jointly held by Kelly, Drew, Pad-dock, and Coaffee.
3. Byrd.
4. Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Univer-sity of Pennsylvania, Wesleyan, Harvard, M. I. T., and Carnegie Tech.
5. Walter R. Okeson.
6. A brewery.
7. Tuskegee and Howard.
8. A university is a group of col-leges.
9. Delta Phi, Delta Psi, Chi Phi.
10. Yale, Columbia, Brown, and Dart-mouth.
11. Swimming, Track, Track, Tennis, and Power Speed Boats.
12. Phi Gamma Delta, Psi Upsilon.
13. Institute "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge of men" located in Washington by an Englishman named Jas. Smith-son who willed his fortune with an income of \$65,000 for the purpose.
14. Eli Yale, Johnny Harvard, E. P. Williams, and Lord Geofery Amherst.
15. B. A. is English, while A. B. is Latin.
16. Alfred Nobel bequeathed \$9,000,-000 for prizes in Physics, Chem-istry, Literature, Medicine, and Peace.
17. Columbia Scholarships due to be-queath of the publisher.
18. Cambridge.
19. 1307 B. C.
20. 1776.

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